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Author

Title

Imprint

THE WORLD:

A POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE,
DEC. 21, 1837.

BY MISS ANN PAGE.

"Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few! who yet unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view which only saw
A little part,—*deemed* evil, is no more;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass
And one unbounded Spring encircle *all*."

THOMPSON.

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NOTE.

The following Poem was written in the summer of 1835. It was not at first designed for publication. In the year 1837, it was read, by request, before the Young People's Institute.

It is now presented to the public, in the hope that the proceeds of the sales may be such as to induce the writer to persevere, in a plan, already commenced for the benefit of youth.

The first volume of "A Tribute for Pupils," is now before the public, and she intends to issue a second, if she finds sufficient encouragement to render it prudent thus to occupy her time.

We yet confidently put our trust in *Providence*, and we submit our work *in hope*, to this *Republic*, cheered with the pleasing prospect of such friendly influences, as will furnish us with the means of doing good.

A** P***.

Providence, March 21, 1842.

THE WORLD.

The following Poem was suggested to the mind of the Author, by hearing her mother say, "Beware! O beware! the *world* is a *many-headed monster.*"

Mark the deep Ocean! how its troubled bed
Doth foam, and sparkle, moved by the kindling
Elements, in wild confusion, seeking---*Death.*

ONCE as I musing sat, with good intent,
A human being came, and o'er me bent,
With serious face, with voice distinct she said,
"*Beware! a monster*, with a hydra head;
Its deadly influence thou canst ne'er withstand;
I caution thee to check that scribbling hand,
Nor walk the ground whereon the public treads,
He'll surely *curse* thee,—boasting many heads.
And then he carries venom in his breath,
With poisoned darts he'll surely seek thy death."
So sad the tale, my active hand was staid,
Pensive,—alone, I sought the gloomy shade,
Then laid my musing head upon the pillow,
And hung my *broken harp* upon the willow.

E'en in this gloom I scan the works of God,—
I mark the path wherein the Saviour trod,
And while his humble virtues rise to view,
My willing hand shall still his work pursue

Where dwells that monster with a hydra head?
Has he a home on earth? or, with the dead?
God in his wisdom doth provide for all,
"Numbers each hair," "sees e'en a sparrow fall;"
O'er all his works supreme his mercies are,
Each being thrives beneath his fost'ring care.

Stupendous works of Providence, and grace!
How fitly fixed for man a dwelling place,
Free as the air he roams on earthly ground.
While beasts untamed, *in secret*, prowl around.

On yonder green, the little lambkins see,
Playing in sportive gambols, brisk, and free.

A place is found for fish, which swim the seas,
For birds, which warble in the forest trees;
For reptiles, insects:—every thing that's known
Tends to some certain place we call,—*its own.*

I ask again, where is that *demon's* place?
Dwells he with men in honor?—or disgrace?
Sad omens steal across my fearful soul,
Methinks that hydra will his name enroll
Among the great,—the wise,—and e'en the good,—
Have human beings e'er his power withstood?—
If he with such e'er found an honored place,
He must have changed, or took an angel's face,
For if he stalked abroad with hydra head,
He'd soon be sunk to regions of the dead.

We ne'er have met him where with syren voice,
Pleasure invites, to lure our wayward choice;—
Nor yet where men were gath'ring up the gold,
With eager toil, for which e'en *life is sold:*—
And not in social converse when we range,
Where friends, and neighbors, pleasant words exchange;—
Nor yet in native wood-lands is he found,
Where a green carpet clothes the verdant ground,—
And fragrant shades, like velvet curtains spread,
To charm the eye, and shield the trav'ler's head:—

And if *experience* teaches not the power
Of earthly love, to cheer a gloomy hour,
'Tis yet believed that love's connecting link,
Compared with which, all earthly pleasures sink,
With influence chastened,—*if by nature led,*
Disowns that monster, with a hydra head.
Within my wondering soul strange thoughts arise,
And now to Heaven I lift my waiting eyes.
Lord! 'midst surrounding evils, let us scan,
The sacred truths thou hast revealed to man.
May wisdom guide us, while thy hand we trace,
On land,—at sea,—and to thy dwelling place.
And when to *earth*, we cast the tearful eye,
And lend a list'ning ear to mortal's cry,
Where pride, and folly, still go hand in hand,
And titled bigots live, to curse the land;
May no rude passion seize the trembling breast,
To mar our peace,—to rob the soul of rest.
Reluctant,--we retrace apparent ill,
Yet rest in hope, that, "God is with us still."

Once on a time, we sat in list'ning mood,
When two Divines, most eminently good,
Would fain account for the *great mystery, sin;*
From whence did *that* arise? and when begin?
Of sin they oft had preached, and oft had sung,
Its organed peals through sacred courts had rung,
It lived at courts,---in crowds,---in princely dome,
And each *must own*, 'twas *often found at home.*
Whence came this deadly enemy of ours,
Whose greatness still defies all human powers?
Say they, "its myst'ries mortals may not scan,
The word of God reveals the wond'rous plan.
Created beings, had no stain of sin,
Till *Satan* came, to plant the germ within.
That wicked Spirit, of unearthly grade,

Now, from those regions of the darkest shade,
Was *once*, *an inmate* of the *courts above*,
Where blessed angels praised the God of Love."
How sacred was that place,---how calm within!
How pure, and peaceful, when unstained by sin:
But foul ambition spread her wiles around,
And gained her votaries, on that holy ground.
Ambition foul in Heaven?---A darksome hour!
When holy angels fell, before that power:
But thus the prelate spake to listening youth,
And doubtless *fancied* all was heard for truth,
Yet *reason* held her empire o'er the head,
And dared to doubt, whate'er the prelate said;
Yet scarcely dared to let the Rev.'s know,
What doubting thoughts, could from such craniums flow;
Our minds impressed as with an idle dream,
While thus renewed in solemn cant,--- the theme.

The one most daring, sought the sacred throne,
Usurped the power, and would his God disown,
Offended Deity in anger rose,
To hurl from regions pure, his deadly foes,---
And then alas! of war a direful roar,
Was heard in Heaven,---where all was peace before.
The Sacred Wisdom drove them from *that* place,
Yet gave them power to plant a rebel race
On earth,---where *sin*, no victims else had gained,
No earthly lust the human mind had stained.
Down, down, they sink! yet power on earth receive,
To *vex mankind*, *and all the world deceive.*
One, like a *roaring Lion*, seeks his prey,
Hides his foul image from the light of day,
And takes an Angel's face, to serve his plan,
To bind in chains, the wretched victim man.
Sure of his prey, his strength can never die,---
It sprung from God,—from sacred courts on high.

His power so great in Heaven, is wond'rous here,
And *man each day, must walk in constant fear.*

The *other spake*,---" and seems from what we find,
Serpents, in days of old,---like human kind,
Had power to speak, and thus convey the thought,
That arch deceiver to the woman brought."
" Not so," the other said, " for serpents *then*,
Like serpents *now*, possessed no human ken.
'Twas but the form the rebel angel took,
For thus *he* found it in the Sacred Book."

Sin, in man's image they could never trace,
Until 'twas stamped upon an *angel's face;*
'Twas hard to fix the stain on earthly ground,
But sought *in Heaven,—there,* was its birth-place found :
And *God* must own it, doomed to endlsss shame,
Else *man* had ne'er *immortalized its name.*
Seest thou the wisdom of such lessons taught
By those in *power,* whom multitudes have sought ?
Sires yield assent,—and matrons tell the tale,
Nor deem such sacred truths can ever fail.
Endless disputes prevail, where *truth* should speak,
While scoffing millions, each low pleasure seek.
Reason perverted, leaves the sphere of man,
Whose powers are wasted in life's little span,
The *star* of Temperance quits these blessed shores,
We spurn the Angel Virtue from our doors.
Gross tales pollute the fevered mind of youth,
To rob them of their *all,—the love of truth.*

Deluded mortals ! where's your boasted lore ?
We'll chase the shades of ignorance, no more,
May we not look to those on earth, and find
" The cunning SERPENT crafty in the mind ?"
No rebel angels can we find on earth,
Except where cruel dogmas give them birth :

And *there*, they live not in the human kind,
But in the dogmas, which we cast behind.

Hath God to *man* a Revelation given,
Which points the way, and marks the path to Heaven?
And in its sacred pages can we trace
A Demon's form?—a hydra's lurking place?
Look! where the sacred history points the eye,
And *there*, let man his own frail state descry.
Behold a beauteous garden, where the flowers
Inhaled the genial warmth, and moistening showers;
There, man first formed employed his active skill,
To bend all meaner things to human will.
To bless this man, and smooth his brow of care,
God in his wisdom, placed a woman there.
No doubt her tasteful art was there displayed,
Arranging native plants of various shade.
There, in the midst, a beauteous tree was seen,
With tempting fruit, mid bending boughs of green.
This was their place:—endowed with *finite skill*,
To love their Maker,—to discern his will;
The Wisdom Infinite must know full well,
What germs of evil in their bosom swell,
Mid precious gleams of pure, and holy fire,
Which taught the youth to quell each wrong desire.
What evil say'st thou? how came evil there?
Could the unholy, with the hallowed share
A place on earth?—and God the author too
With all the evil consequence in view?
Why should this truth excite our wonder more,
Than that a tree was planted there before,
Whose mystic fruit two qualities combined,
Since *good* and *evil*, in *that tree* we find.
Suppose we walk the tempting orchard round,
And pluck the fruit, *there* bending to the ground;
Finding it good, extend the hand for more,
Then look, and find *that*, rotten at the core.

Why, how is this?—do we a wonder see?
Both sound, and unsound, springs from that same tree,
What wonder if we see not how it came?
Shall we reject the whole?—our Maker blame?
Shall we not rather say, that man is blind?—
Or, only sees a part, with finite mind?
For, 'tis believed that what to us is ill,
May, in the mind of God, be virtue still.
That rotten apple which we cast away,
Takes root in earth,—and yet its virtue may
Reveal a tree, whose precious fruit is found,
More pure, more fair, than that on Eden's ground.
Yet, when two plants spring up in open day,
We take the *good*, but cast the *bad* away;
If what *seems* bad to us, is good to him
Who sees the whole,—is our own choice our sin?
Nay, rather say *our finite powers are weak*,
And *we* shall ever our own pleasure seek:
Let no man hastily pronounce this *ill*,
Since our chief pleasure is in virtue still.
Here wholsome food, and precious fruits abound,
Springing spontaneous from the earth around;
And men are taught to exercise their skill,
In making choice, where reason marks no ill.
So, *all* may know the worth of virtue's prize,
Whose sacred incense reaches to the skies;
From God it came;—the soul's most pure desire
To God returns, in strength of holy fire—
The fire of zeal, a quick'ning impulse given,
By which, *frail mortals* learn the path to Heaven,—
Whose kingdom is within,—below,—above,—
Wherever rules the purest law of love.
Its peaceful reign *no war* can e'er defile,
No lust of power its wisdom can beguile.

Whence sprung the wicked? whither do they tend?
And *where*, *Oh! where will all the evil end?*

Does man *inherit misery* from his birth?
And in *that misery*, must he sink to earth?
To unknown regions, where God's holy ire,
Will burn *unquenchable*, in liquid fire?
'Tis nature speaks; man writhes in anguish *now*,
Before his God he dares not even bow.
Let foul deception spread her wiles no more,
Then, man *will* worship, and his God adore.

When the Redeemer paced the earth around,
A wretched maniac in his walk he found,
Among the tombs, his dwelling-place we find.
No chains, or fetters, could that creature bind:
For, pluck'd asunder, these were scattered round,
And lay in broken fragments, on the ground.
Now, seen above, on craggy mountain's high,
Then, in the dismal tomb, was heard to cry.
With stones he'd cut his flesh, and beat his breast,
Nor day, nor night, was ever known to rest.
He saw the Saviour, when he passed that way,
Then bowed, and worshipped, and was heard to say,
"Oh! why torment me thus? this hast thou done;—"
Christ bore this meekly,—then this work begun;
Come out thou unclean spirit foul within,
And call no more on God,—nor worship him,
For thou art not of origin Divine,
Take thine own choice, and dwell among the swine,
Yon tomb disgorged thy spirit from its bed,
Thy native dwelling-place, among the dead.
Enlightened History dares not tell thy shame,
But being MANY,—*Legion is thy name.*
Possessed by thee, no power its life can keep,
Such, like the herd, must *sink down in the deep.*
Behold them standing on a dreadful brink,
Headlong they run, and in the ocean sink,
Their mem'ry lost, except in foaming roar,
Where angry surges lash the distant shore.

Life is an Ocean vast,—its depth unknown,—
To *man*, its length or breadth was never shown.
We cast our eyes around this vast domain,
Look up to Heaven, and sigh to reach the same,
Then look beneath, and fain its depths would scan,
A power not given to the creature man.
If we, the stormy sea refuse to try,
While yet the signs portend a favoring sky,
A haggard object stares us in the face,
And spreads her clutches for a cold embrace :
We shrink, appalled in fearfulness and shame,
Nor welcome *Poverty*,—*but spurn her name.*

Our little bark may rest quite safe awhile,
Moored by the bank, where peace and plenty smile,
But hoist the anchor,—loose the cable-chain,—
And launch it forth, in quest of earthly gain,—
'Tis then, the *angry spirit of the deep*,
Foams in his ire, nor will his fury sleep.

My fragile bark hath stemmed the storms of life,
Fair weather now,—then, elemental strife ;
Now, its mild waters show an azure sky,
Then, storms, and darkness gather up on high.
Now, when my bark sails smoothly o'er the tide,
Methinks my " Father's at the helm," to guide ;
But when the waves arise, like mountains high,
Nor friend to soothe,—nor helping hand is nigh,
No skilful pilot near, to guide my bark,
Methinks my Father's gone,—and all is dark.
Then, as I struggle on against the tide,
Where angry demons seem the Ocean's guide,
Methinks that *spirit of the unknown deep*,
That *Legion* here, his nightly vigils keep.
But hark ! a whisper,—soft, and sweet, and clear,
" Fear not, 'tis I, I'm with thee, even here :—"
With magic power, it soothes my troubled breast,
Believing, *now*, I enter into rest.

And oft a gentle spirit from above,
Speaks to the heart,—and always speaks in love,
Its wisdom guided o'er the Ocean's bed,
While on its breast we lay our cradled head.
Childhood and youth have felt its chast'ning power,
To cleanse, instruct, and soothe a gloomy hour.
And still, our Saviour's voice is heard in peace,
Saying, my friends, I promise a release
From sin, from death, and every hurtful foe,
Who marked those paths of misery below.
In sacred wisdom, this the Saviour spake,
Whene'er thou seest life's troubled Ocean shake,
And warring elements are gath'ring round,
Trust in my arm, in *that*, thy strength is found:
No guilty demon shouldst thou ever dread,
No hydra lives within the Ocean's bed.

The native elements of life are found,
In embryo atoms, figured in the ground;
A grave their lot, until the spirit's breath,
O'ershade, to call the embryo from its death.
Although *within*, these atoms, have no life,
Yet outward objects, kindle them to strife;
Hence, fearful visions hover o'er our beds,
And angry sounds assail our aching heads,
While sadness steals across the fearful mind,
In fear of greater evils far behind.
Once many atoms, into atoms hurled,
Defiled the whole, and *drowned a sinking world.*

My mother, look! our fears are nothing new,
Those fears engendered by a motley crew,
From nothing sprung, they into nothing sink,
The herd of mis'ries totter on a brink.
And if mine ears with slanders they assail,
This hand shall not be staid, or courage fail.

For work thus checked, confusion will ensue,
When *hands* are palzied, *truths* are hid from view.
Reject the herd, which throng life's narrow span,
Let's look with courage on our fellow man,
Pursue this work,—go study nature's laws,
And look *through striving atoms to their cause :*
For every river doth a fountain show,
From whence the meaner smaller streamlets flow,
And every prattling child who goes to school,
Will seek to learn his parents' *Golden Rule*,
And every pair, who see with jaundiced eyes,
Will teach their sons, to spread the tattling lies.
Whene'er we reach the bottom of a brook,
And stir the shallow waters, where we look,
Man's face is not reflected from the stream,
Where filth prevails, to hide a transient gleam.

High places oft conceal the source of woe,
As from high mountains, little rivers flow,
And as of old, the spirit sat enthroned,
And *Rome*, beneath the heavy burden groaned,
So *now*, the spirit's bondage is the same,
Though *now*, it lives not in A SINGLE NAME.
Heaven will defend us, from a motley herd,
Who build their castles on a *hope deferred :*
Each sect beholds *a monster in the deed*
Of him, *who dares reject his better creed.*

There is a sort, who hold no creed on earth,
Reject the word, nor own the Saviour's birth :
They boast, that *nature* is their only guide,
This nature fixed, there is no rule beside.
Free to enquire, they love their better cause,
And boast, *all virtue springs from nature's laws.*
While they despise the little pious *tools*,
They can't forbear, to call their brethren *fools :*
Although they know not Christ, they yet will share,

The tender off'rings of his kindest care,
No pious *fraud* now *blots their honest fame,*
For though dispised, they *frankly own their name.*
And if their minds unclouded, 'scape the snare,
Of bigot's notions, scattered here and there,
They yet may know what his pure doctrines teach,
And what the *man of God will ever preach.*

One sect beholds a demon in the flame,
With power to draw his victims in the same,
Unless their arm shall interpose, to save
Devoted beings from a fiery grave.
Poor human nature here doth feel the smart
Of bitter anguish in the aching heart ;
But no release ; for *Justice struck the blow,*
When sinking lost ones let Salvation go.
And yet when man, a *reason* would require,
Why, such were doomed to everlasting fire,
When in their nature dwelt no power to rise ?
The *staunch believer, in his faith replies,*
We vindicate the ways of *Providence,*
Justice, their doom hath fixed, *Omnipotence ;*
Thus, on their *God,* they fix a *Demon's name,*
And still they glory in their guilt and shame.
Deception, when she marked a sinner there,
Beheld a cruel sinner, *every where.*
Can we complacently regard those schemes,
Which prostrate human reason, by their dreams
Of monsters, demons, sinners, all around,
The simple path of duty, to confound ?
Some having failed to find him nearer home,
Now spy the *monster,* in the Pope at Rome.

Oh ! blest Redeemer, mark the rule of right,
And while in love with truth, *we see the light,*
May Heaven-born Charity preside within,
She'll teach us to resist each inbred sin ;

No other *monstrous evil* should we dread,
No hydra lives within the Ocean's bed.

We'll praise the virtue of refining fire,
While love to God our kindling souls inspire,
Nor point at those who leave the sacred seat,
To lurk where *dust* must gather on their feet.
If man in love what e'er his creed may be,
Can snatch the outcast doomed to misery,
From graves of secret sin, where legion lurks;
'Tis *God's own mercy, patterned in his works.*
This honor comes where Sacred Light hath shone,
Its power is felt, where'er the truth is known.
But if the *Golden Rule* is left to die,
While GREAT EXPOSE is stationed up on high,
It needs no wond'rous share of commou sense,
To see what MONSTROUS EVILS spring from thence.
Then, every neighboring *gossip* is a tool,
And every little child that goes to school,
And every creature in that kingdom-born,
Will aid the business of the GREAT REFORM.
The Salem witchcraft, first from *children sprung*,
GREAT PARENT JUSTICE, all the witches hung:
But now, *imagination* makes a *rule*,
By which is claimed the power to catch a *fool*,
When every creature on his own pretence,
Is wise, or foolish, as *best suits his sense;*
From this we learn, *proud* nature shows no law,
By which *vain* man may *sure* conclusions draw,
But Revelation marks a path once trod,
Pointing through nature, up to nature's God.

The motley herd which throng life's narrow span,
With mighty power to *scare* the creature man,
Will bend with pleasure to their own *free will*,
Whether *that pleasure* lies in *good*, or *ill.*
Some find fair virtue here, *some* find her *there*,

And thanks to Heaven, *some* find her every where :
These last, in contest with the *ruling power*,
Must shrink astounded in that *dismal* hour,
When social friends, for cheerful converse stay,
We talk of *this*, or *that*, in our own way ;
For if we praise the glance of neighbor's eye,
The *ruling power* could not *that* glance descry,
And we are rudely told, we *tell a lie.*

In moderation if his sense is named,
Why, then perhaps, we're told, he's sadly maimed ;
For he rejects those truths, which *we* believe,
Therefore *his* sense will *ruin* and *deceive*,
And if in love, we view the better part,
And speak in commendation of the heart,
We're quickly told, the heart is *full* of *sin*,
'Tis all defiled, 'tis all impure within ;
No love to God, affections all estranged,
Surely his heart has never yet been changed.

If neighbor talks of *business*, he is told,
The evil root is love of *filthy* gold ;—
If he has talent,—which the world should know,—
They find in *that*, a vain and empty show.
If books, the commendation of the hour,
They're not approved ;—because the *Ruling Power*
Detects some error in the doctrines taught,—
And *thus*, the subject's to a focus brought.

Go where we will, a RULE, but not our own,
Is in our paths, and at our faces thrown ;
And while they boast a *great prophetic lore*,
They seek to *scare* us, at *our very door.*

We've been reminded of this *simple rule*,
If thou shouldst write, thou canst not keep a school.

Their claims to wisdom if we disavow,
And at their Altar, still refuse to bow ;
Do what we will, they'll stare us in the face,
And on our foreheads brand the word *Disgrace.*

This is the *world*, a monstrous evil true,
If we've no *rule*, by which the thing to view.
Though truth this pen doth guide,—we'd blot the page,
Which thus portrays the errors of the age,
Fain would we look, where wisdom guides the will,
To where the nobler virtues govern still.

Lord turn from vanity, the wand'ring mind,
And let us find the *good*, in human kind,
Where shall we look? where science sheds her light,
And men in social compact seek delight,
Where sober reason scans the good, or ill,
And native genius is encouraged still,
Where a bright light is round our path-way spread,
And the *good motto* is,—*now go ahead.*

Confessed by all, this watch-word stands for *man*,
And *woman* too, may use it,—*when she can.*
Man first created, takes his honored stand,
His mind to *rule*,—his *motto* for *command;*
And though subordinate the female race,
Nature ne'er planned it thus, for their disgrace;
Each in their sphere, may act a *proper part*,
Be it our glory then, to *rule the heart:*
And if in Providence we're left alone,
We yet *will rule a heart*,—*that heart our own;*—
And though we may not *seek* to *govern men*,
This boon *is* left us,—we *may rule* the pen.

When kind remembrance soothes our earthly woe,
And friendship meets us, in the path we go,
Our grateful hearts shall own the blessing sure,
Our thoughts *intent* on what is good, and pure.

Fond poet's love to linger near the spot,
Where pleasures live, and troubles are forgot,
Alas! they *dream* of pure affection's prize,
Which never comes, to bless their waking eyes:
In *Solitude*, they may its praise rehearse,
Nor dare affirm, it only lives in verse:

For *nature* stamps her impress on the face,
Of *every creature*, of the human race;—
The kind affections live in every stage,
In infancy,—in youth,—in hoary age,
And *each* may claim a share of nature's work :—
The meek eyed maiden, and the cruel Turk,
Alike *must own affection's power to bind*,
To soothe,—to soften,—and to bless mankind.
But would we find its uncorrupted spring,
We'll look where mothers, to their offspring cling,
We'll own that power,—yet boast a higher claim,
Our hopes upon a still more sacred name.
When our fond mother took us at our birth,
She kissed our cheek, and welcomed us to earth,
Then *we* in quest of food, her bosom prest,
Then laid our sleeping head upon her breast:
She gently took us by affection led,
And softly laid us in a narrow bed,
But when in nature, little atoms rise,
The infant *starts*, and opens both his eyes.
This, an apt figure of a birth from sin,
Those little atoms kindling up within,
Will cause the bitter tears,—the aching throes,
Which every earth-bound burdened sinner knows.
The figure carried out,—earth's narrow bed,
Where human nature lays the sinking head,
Its fetters broken, cannot hold us there,
And sacred wisdom doth this truth declare.
Thus God hath stamped his image on the soul
Of *noble man, created* for control ;—
Himself subdued,—he owns a power Divine,
A sacred light doth round his path-way shine.

This free-born race, Columbia's hope and pride,
Should ne'er the image of our God deride,
But scan his noble works, and then declare,
That God our Maker liveth every where.

And if the *world* would blot our honest fame,
And on our image, stamp a sinner's name,
Reject this poison, it is slander's breath,
And he who loves it, meets a sinner's death.

Look to those climes by superstition bound,
Men in their God, a cruel Demon found,
On *human nature* stampt the monster sin,
Which to their view is *all* depraved within,
Ask *them*, to shake earth's fetters from their feet,
They'll point thee trembling to the Nabob's seat,
Ask, if from *bondage* they *themselves* can save,
They'd rather seek to free the Southern slave,
Their mighty arm can save a *world* from sin,
And at the Nabob's door they must begin.

In the vast Ocean, little waves must flow,
Waves gather waves, till icy mountains grow,
These firmly stand, until the genial sun,
Shall melt them to the source from whence they sprung.
Pride, like an icy mountain stands on high,
And while its top is towering to the sky,
Its front like fairy-castle strikes the view,
Nor bends unto the source from whence it grew;—
But when the Son of God reveals his face,
It melting falls,—and sinks into *its place.*
So may the airy visions of a day,
Decline from earth, and melting pass away,
Then, may the *good*, in safety fill *their* place,
When *superstition* sinks into disgrace,
And not till then, can human beings learn,
The safest pathway, where their steps may turn.

Imagination cannot save from fire,
When *war* is threatened, and the Nabob's ire,
Kindled to wrath, shall strike the deadly blow,
Which kills our hopes, and lays our prospects low,

We'll lean on Nature's arm,—can Nature save
The sons of freedom, from a warrior's grave?
And when the warring elements conspire,
To fan the cruel flame, and feed the fire,
Can nature's law reveal a sure release,
From sin, from woe, and guide to paths of peace?
We'll boast no more, but take the Saviour's side,
Nor should his meekness wound our erring pride,
For if the *good*, the latent *ill* subdue,
The good presides, where once the evil grew.
Oh thou who look'st not on the outward face,
To mark what *color* hath adorned the race,
Thy mercy *must* extend to all below;
To Afric's colored race,—to friend and foe.
And may thy goodness *thus* pervade the land,
Let galling fetters break, at thy command:
First,—what ignobly chains the free-born mind,
Then,—bonds without, which hold the human kind.
Whene'er temptations thicken o'er our way,
We'll ask the Saviour's aid, his will obey,
His wisdom is our guide, forbid to roam,
That bears us safely to our better home:
Each wretched outcast should such favor share
Such virtuous love, as our Redcemer bear
For every sinful child of Adam's race,
In whom we may our Maker's image trace;
Howe'er degraded, or how low her birth,
She needs a home, her place is on the earth.
Our Saviour's arm, if we *that* arm can trace,
Will bear us safely to our resting place;
Will guide us smoothly, o'er life's troubled sea,
Dwell in our home, where'er that home may be.
The troubled Ocean only foams awhile,
He speaks with power, our sorrows to beguile,
Then all is peaceful, gentle, calm, and still,
When angry elements obey his will.

When life declines, and nature sinks to sleep,
He'll bear us safely, through the *unknown deep*,
To regions where Immortal Glory's given,
And we shall *know*, *as we are known*, *in Heaven.*

LINES

Addressed to the Washington Temperance Society, by their friend.
Published in the New Age, February 18, 1842.

Verily there is a place where evil spirits dwell.

Surely there is a place where evil spirits stay !
Where brooding ills in darkness reign,
Where souls in bitterness complain,
Along the lengthened way.
Now check thy rising pride !—go lay thine anger by,
Shut from thine eyes the gilded bait,
Which lures, betrays, and seals the fate
Of mortals, doomed to die.

The evil spirits came,—they thundered to the ear,
Spake of frail man in fiery chains,
Beyond the grave,---where *Satan* reigns,
Nor deemed we then how near
The evil was to us,---so far beyond our ken,
Was erring man in justice found,
His misery fixed beyond this bound,
Far from the haunts of men.

'Tis thus *Deception* plans the rigid course of pride,
Thus was the truth concealed awhile,
Then, when the *dark*, *deep* lurking guile,
Lay coiling at our side,
She coiled around the heart, we took her poisonous breath,
Ten thousand cords she twined around,

Thus on our limbs the fetters bound,
Which bore us down to death.

A scorpion lurked around, whose deadly bite was given,
The victim seized in his death pang,
When powerless to repel his fang,
Then, the last hope was riven.
'Tis thus the slanderer comes, to hurl *his* well aimed dart,
When pleasant words if kindly given,
Would raise despondent thoughts to Heaven,
And soothe the bleeding heart.

The sacred page thus spurned,—God's Spirit unconfined,
Called by a voice if not his own,
Bade gnawing *worms* within the bone,
Speak to the troubled mind.
A spirit too was there, drained from a poisonous cup.
Pleasure was in that sparkling cann,
Which mingled in the mind of man,
And drank his spirit up.

The anguish came full soon, *'twas keenest misery then.*
The gnashing teeth, the glaring eyes,
The noble spirit in disguise,
Spake *bitterly* to men.
Though *deep* the stain of guilt, and *dark* the mournful hour.
When guilty spirits lurked around,
Yes ! e'en in noble man were found,
To steal away his power:

To bid repentance' live a spirit lingered there,
E'en from the ashes of the dead,
The *love of truth will* rise, and spread,
To kill the *Fiend Despair !*
God's noble Image stands erect, with purer breath ;—
Now man the cup of poison spurns ;
When love of *truth* within him burns,
He bravely conquers death.

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